

Scarred Hearts

by dragonartist5

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-24 19:16:03

Updated: 2014-07-24 19:16:03

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:07:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,770

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Toothless, driven by terrible grief and guilt, tries to comfort his best friend after his father's death. However, Toothless may find that there is nothing he can do to help his rider, and their friendship may suffer permanent damage if the rift between them is not mended.

Scarred Hearts

Scarred Hearts

**Toothless, driven by terrible grief and guilt, tries to comfort his best friend after his father's death. However, Toothless may find that there is nothing he can do to help his rider, and their friendship may suffer permanent damage if the rift between them is not mended. **

**Disclaimer: The How To Train Your Dragon Franchise, characters and story belongs to Cressida Cowell and DreamWorks Animation.
**

_Everything was covered in a hazy red mist, as though the gods had dropped a thick blanket over reality. Suddenly, A loud buzzing filled my ears, and I roared, the loudness sending waves of pain through my head. I shook my head over and over, trying to break through the fog. All awareness was seized from me, and my senses sharpened. _

A voice suddenly rang in my head, a low, gravelly voice that made my spine tingle with fear. "Night Fury, you are my servant now. You are nothing. You are a worthless, spineless creature, and you are under my control. I speak to you now as king. Obey me, or I take your life" The voice ceased to exist. I couldn't remember anything. Where was I? Who was I? I began to growl. Who was responsible for this? A shape suddenly moved in front of me, and I crouched, the red haze still occupying my vision.

_A human was moving in front of me. A human! I growled again. The voice sounded again in my head. "The human is responsible for your slavery. Kill it now, or I will kill you." Kill. The word triggered a thirst for blood. Kill. I wanted to kill, oh yes, how I wanted. The human moved closer to me. Did it have no fear? I roared, cornering the creature. It did not falter under my attack, but spoke with confidence. "Uhh, Toothless?" I caught one sentence through the buzzing in my ears. Toothless . . . The name triggered something in my memory. "Block it out dragon. KILL IT NOW!" The voice roared. Kill. Fire boiled in my gut, and I caught sight of a hand reaching out to me. I ignored it, and struck, the blast of flame sending the human flying backward into a mound of ice. _

Once the smoke had cleared, I lunged again, landing on the chest of the now unmoving human. My claws tightened, and I raked them across the body of the human. I felt blood trickle around my claws, but I didn't stop. I raked and slashed, shredding his skin, trying to cause as much pain as possible.

_The human cried out once, a piercing cry that rang in my head. "TOOTHLESS!" I stopped attacking, dropping onto all fours, my wings ceasing to flap in anger. The red haze disappeared, and the buzzing ceased. _

Everything came flooding back. Memories, my name, my place. I was breathing heavily, my body shaking violently. I couldn't remember anything from the past few minutes

I looked to the ground. All breath was stolen from my body, and, for a moment, my heart shuddered to a stop.

_My rider was lying in the snow, his whole body covered with large gashes and claw marks. He was covered in blood, the red liquid still pouring from his wounds and flowing onto the ground, staining the snow crimson. His cheeks were deathly pale, and he lay broken and small, unmoving. I moaned, crouching low and cradling his body in my paws. I leaned my head against his torn chest. No heartbeat greeted my ears. No breath tickled my scales. He was gone. _

_I roared, collapsing on the ground as I dragged my body closer to him. __He had been taken from me._

_ I clutched him closer, my head falling into the snow, defeated. I closed my eyes tight, tears fighting to free themselves under my eyelids. The sound of thundering footsteps rang in my ears, but I ignored them, my heart still shuddering with shock. Hiccup, my whole life, the only person I had ever truly trusted, loved, was gone. And with him, my world ended. He took a part of me with him. _

Hiccup's nest mother ran to us. When she spotted her only son, she gave a shuddering gasp, her eyes glazing over with terror. She collapsed beside him, gently lifting his head onto her lap. She placed her head onto his chest, as I had. After a few moments, she squeezed her eyes shut, a tear falling onto Hiccup's chest, intermingling with the blood that pooled there.

_More footsteps. "Hiccup!" A voice whispered from behind me, and Astrid stumbled up, tears already flowing freely from her cheeks. "Hiccup." She collapsed beside him, her hands going to his cheeks, running through his hair. She broke into sobs, clutching her stomach.

"My love." She took his hand, pressing it to her cheek, her fingers tracing his knuckles as her tears fell into his palm. _

_She stood up suddenly, anger replacing grief. "Who did this?" She choked, whirled around, and her eyes landed on me, my body shuddering as I lay next to my rider, his unmoving hand lying on my snout. Where it belonged. "You!" She cried. Her hand raised, her gaze on my form. I opened my eyes quickly. "Toothless. No. No it can't be." She whispered, her eyes filling with more tears and her knees buckling. I stood up, trying to comfort her. As I always had when Hiccup was in danger. _

_She stepped back quickly, a hand flying out to strike me. I swung my head out of the way, staring at her disbelievingly. I crooned, drawing back a few steps. Valka raised her head. "No." She said.

_

_Why were they acting this way? I crouched low, nuzzling Hiccup's hand gently, willing him to come back to me. _

_"GET AWAY FROM HIM!" She screamed, her voice full of pain. I whined again, confused. I looked to the ground, where they were staring. My claws were covered in blood, and bloody footprints marked the snow at my feet. My eyes widened, and I stepped back, careening in the snow as I stared at my paws. No. NO! No. I refused to believe it. Astrid's eyes were filled with hatred, fury and grief. "You killed him." _

I woke with a shuddering shriek, my heart pounding. The room was dimly lit, the fire slowly dying. I looked around wildly, the dream still flashing underneath my eyelids. My heart was racing, grief and guilt overcoming me. Hiccup was asleep in his bed beside me. _It's not real. Not real. NOT YOUR FAULT! _A voice in my head shrieked. The nightmare had been haunting my slumber for many suns now. It was torture, watching him die at my claws each night. I dreaded sleeping, but the days seem to fly by, welcoming long and horrible nights, where the guilt seemed to reach me alive, every vein and muscle burning with it, swallowing me whole. The monster in my chest loved the night.

I had taken to abandoning sleep, and just staring at my rider as he slept, sometimes calmly, his face almost peaceful. Most nights, however, he screamed and wept from nightmares, his pale face taught with pain and longing, and he would cry out. Screaming for his mother, for mer, but mostly for his father. His father ...

I got up slowly, looking at his sleeping form in the moonlight. He was crying in his sleep, his cheeks tearstained, and his eyes puffy. I climbed up to his bed carefully, so as to not wake him, my damaged tail curling protectively around his body, my wings blanketing his skin.

His sobs did not stop, and he started with shake. "Dad. Dad, please come back to me. It wasn't his fault! Please. PLEASE!" He screamed. I whimpered, guilt crashing on my shoulders. I had killed his father. It was all too real. I was causing his agony, his pain, and his grief. I let out a cry, too, my head buried in him. _WHY?_ I shrieked. _How could I ever do this?_ Hiccup kept on screaming in his sleep, and I desperately tried to wake him. He could not break through the haze of nightmares. I curled my body tighter around him, my head resting near his shoulder.

When the first light appeared in the sky, he calmed, the tears slowly drying on his skin. I had slipped into a restless slumber, and woke to find him tossing and turning, his eyes fluttering open. "Hey, bud." He said, weakly, rubbing his eyes vigorously. "What are you d-doing here ?" He asked, looking around at my body, which was still curled firmly around him. I trilled sadly, watching him with wide eyes. _Protecting you. _

He shook his head, attempting to climb out of my grasp. I loosened my hold, and he tumbled onto the floor. I sat with him while he slipped on his prosthetic clumsily and hobbled down the stairs. Valka was fast asleep in an armchair by the fire, Cloudjumper watching her with sad eyes from across the room. He purred at Hiccup, his yellow eyes alight. Hiccup nodded his head in Cloudjumper's direction, patting the dragon's beak-like horns. Hiccup walked into the morning light, his shoulders bent, weighed down by terrible grief and guilt, as I was.

I followed him, my head bowed low, guilt still eating away at my heart. Hiccup pulled open the door to the Great Hall and sat down, pulling a meal toward him. Tears began to fall again as he ate in silence, but he quickly brushed them away. I nuzzled his hand, and he absentmindedly stroked my scales, his eyes dull and downcast, the light long since vanished from them. Hiccup offered me a fish, but the scent made my stomach clench. I turned my nose away.

"Toothless, you have to eat. Bud, it wasn't your fault." I whined, squeezing my eyes shut and turning away. The monster in my chest made me incapable of eating. Why should I eat, when the stench of guilt coated everything and anything I had ever found to be enjoyable in life. Even flying had lost its excitement. The joy, the ecstasy I felt in the sky was long gone. I knew nothing but pain.

I lay at his feet while he finished, my tail curled protectively around his legs. Many people came up to him as he left the Great Hall, but he brushed them away.

"N-no really, I'm okay." They nodded appreciatively, apparently reassured. _Did they not see the pain in his eyes? The grief in his voice? _

He began his daily rounds as Chief, walking across the village to talk with Gobber. "Hiccup!" Astrid called, her eyes looking longingly over at my rider. My spirits lifted as she ran over. Hiccup spotted her and turned away, his shoulders falling even lower. "Hiccup, I-I haven't seen you in . . ." She trailed off at the look on my rider's face. "Hiccup," She began, reaching for his hand. He drew it back, drawing his arms close to his chest. "Forget it, I'm fine, I have to go." He said, turning away from her and walking to the Forge with his back turned firmly.

I whined, turning to Astrid. She stood alone, wrapping her arms around herself, heartbroken and hurt. I nuzzled her hand gently and she patted my snout. "I'm so sorry." She whispered, looking after him. She turned away and walked slowly back toward her house, where Stormfly sat waiting for her with concern in her eyes. I bounded after my rider as he went to work as the new alpha, becoming less and less of the person he used to be. The person I knew was buried somewhere inside him, trapped in terrible grief.

When the last of the torches had been put out, Hiccup stumbled back to his house, his eyes now taking on the glazed-over look of a person whose soul had died within them. He stood in the middle of the room, his arms drawn tight around his chest. Valka and Cloudjumper were nowhere to be seen, but a newly made fire lit the room. Hiccup stared into the flames, his eyes reflecting the light it gave off.

Suddenly, he fell to the floor, his knees buckling. He gave a shuddering gasp, and beat his fists against the floor, thick tears falling to the ground. His fingernails scraped at the wooden floor, and his knuckles were split, blood flowing freely from them. Pain eased by more pain.

I yelped, running to his side wrapping my wings tightly around him. He buried his head in the leathery skin. I could feel the tears burning where they landed. "Oh, T-toothless!" He said, his fingers clutching at me. "I just want him back. I want him back, DAD! DAD!" He screamed. His voice ripped at my heart, and tears began to fall down my own snout, my head bowed, body shaking with sobs. "Dad . . ."

"Toothless?" He asked, looking up at me. The guilt was a monster in my chest, raging, fighting, clawing through me. My veins burned and adrenaline coursed through me. Something was happening to me, my body started to glow a brilliant blue once more, as it did the day I became alpha. I yelped, feeling the guilt course through my veins. Hiccup hugged me tighter, but the force of it was too strong. I collapsed, Hiccup falling to the ground beside me, my wing still over him.

Darkness set upon my surroundings, and I plunged into a foggy haze. A series of flashbacks ripped through my mind, one after another. I could feel Hiccup's strong arms around me, but only faintly. The flashbacks raced through my mind, chasing each other around my head.

"_Don't be afraid, little one, it was only thunder." A soft voice whispered. I saw the faint shape of my mother, her round, blue eyes gazing at me. Her dark blue scales shining bright as lightning cracked outside our cave. _

_Darkness set in the memory again, and I saw Hiccup and myself, his smile alight. He was young again, about the age we first met. He held out his hand to me, and I hesitantly placed my snout in his hand.

_

More memories flooded. All of them with Hiccup. His voice, his laugh. Creating new inventions to help me fly, lazy afternoons, mapping the world together. The memories began to change again, and I saw Hiccup and I saving each other countless times.

Every thing we ever did, experienced or felt was now playing through my mind.

The memories melded together, and sprang apart, the voices snapping into one voice. I heard screams of terror, freshly uttered, as we fled from the Red Death. I heard laughter, singing softly out of the mouth of my rider, who watched, amused as I made lines in the

dirt.

Every heartbeat thrummed inside my chest in a mighty rythm of joy and fear, love, pain, hatred, friendship, and trust. Every ounce of energy crackled in unanimous vigor, my body crackling with energy, my expression eloquent as I watched the bursts of memory and emotion that raced each other around my brain.

When finally, it ceased, I found myself again in Hiccup's house, lying still on the floor. He was kneeling next to me, his arms wrapped round my neck. I opened my eyes, crooning softly. He jerked his head up. "Toothless? What h-happed to you?" I crooned again, and he hugged me tighter. Unshed tears were still collecting in his eyes, which were filled with concern. He started to sob, crying not for his father, but for me. "I'm s-sorry. It wasn't your f-fault, bud. Drago is to b-blame, for taking him from me. For taking you from me. I n-need you, bud. You are my best friend. You are amazing." He said between sobs.

I purred sadly, curling myself once again around him. He sobbed into me, and I cried with him. I cried for Stoick, and for him, and for the pain that caused the rift in our friendship, and the pain that brought us closer than we had ever been before. We were no longer friends. We were brothers. He needed me as much as I needed him, and I knew now that I was put on this earth for him. I would not leave his side until my last breath was stolen from me.

End
file.